

A SENTENCE OF DEATH.

Tragic Ending of a Murder Trial in a Western Court.

"One of the most tragic scenes I ever witnessed," said an aged lawyer, "occurred in a small town in one of the western states. The judge was a man of sixty or more, and in addition to a most venerable and dignified appearance and manner he was the saddest faced man I ever saw. He had come to our town ten or a dozen years before from the east, and we knew little of him except that he was an able lawyer and jurist and that his wife, who was the only other member of his family, and himself had some great sorrow."

"One night our town was all torn up by a robbery and murder and the capture of the killer and thief almost in the act. For a wonder he wasn't lynched then and there, but he wasn't, and as soon as daylight came proceedings were instituted against the prisoner, and I was appointed, with another youngster, to defend him."

"Really, there wasn't any defense, and I was frank enough to tell him that he might be thankful if he could save him from a lynching. He was a stranger in the town, evidently led there by some stories he had heard of an old miser we had among us, and was a man of perhaps thirty-three or thirty-four, with a most unprepossessing appearance, greatly accentuated by a week's growth of rough whiskers, years of dissipation and hard living. In those days and in such cases the law's delay was not much in force, and by 6 o'clock of the second day the prisoner was standing before the judge to receive sentence. As he stood there that day a harder looking customer I think I never saw."

"I have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you?" said the judge after all the preliminaries were over.

"I have, your honor, if you are to pronounce that sentence," replied the prisoner with an air of almost impertinence. "At least," he added half apologetically, "possibly under the circumstances you might not care to pronounce it."

"This was entirely out of the ordinary, and I touched my client on the arm and was about to remind him of the customs of the court when the judge requested me to leave the prisoner to him."

"Will you be kind enough to explain?" he said in a strangely excited tone.

"Well, your honor," responded the prisoner without a quaver of voice, "as I'm your only son—"

"But the judge heard no more. It was evident that he knew the prisoner was telling the truth, for, with a groan, he threw up his hands and fell forward across the desk in front of him, dead, a little stream of blood trickling from his lips. The excitement was terrific, and in the midst of it the prisoner dashed through a window and would have escaped, but a timely shot from a rifle in the hands of a man on the outside settled him forever. And, best of all, his mother never knew. She lingered a few months after her husband's death, and the entire population of the town considered it to be a sacred obligation to lie to her about the whole affair."

"Step Lively!"

Every one is familiar with the impetuous conductor who insists with his "Step lively, please!" that you shall hurry as you get into the car. Most people resent this peremptory order and feel a bit ruffled as the car starts forward with the customary jerk, and they either fall abjectly into a seat or clutch with frantic haste the first convenient strap.

A friend of mine coming from a quiet inland city to a bustling seaport town heard the "Step lively!" of the car conductor with some surprise. Fortunately for herself she took her seat without losing her balance; then, lifting her benignant face, framed in the soft dove colored Quaker bonnet, she gazed at the brusque young man who came to take her fare. "What is thy name?" she said.

Rather surprised in his turn, he meekly replied, giving Christian and surname.

"Friend William Blank," the passenger observed, still looking steadily at him, "thy name would not have said 'Step lively!' to me had thee known that I was ninety years old."

The conductor touched his cap, begged her pardon, and when the lady of ninety left the car he assisted her descent with the gallantry of a knight of old.—Woman's Home Companion.

Lemaitre Looked Old at Thirty-five.

Jules Lemaitre was of middle height, with bent shoulders, head carried forward, near sighted and awkward. The evening dress hung ungracefully, as though its pockets were stuffed with books and papers. "No one would have taken him for anything but what he was—a man of study, perhaps a professor." He stumbled over those awfully stolid or cushioned the overture put under one's feet and murmured, "Pardon, madame; pardon," as he strove to gain his seat. And people whispered, "Lemaitre; Jules Lemaitre." In those days he was about thirty-five and looked almost fifty. His hair, inclined to curl, early turned gray, then white, leaving him a little bald. This added to the height of his forehead and made the rather insignificant features appear a little lacking in space, as though the face had been of India rubber and pressed too hard. The expression, the glint of the blue eyes, soon forced one to forget his rather unsatisfactory physique. When he spoke he let his words drop with a sort of careless grace, with a little hesitation, too. The voice was gentle and rather high pitched. When he lectured that soft voice swelled and carried to the very extremity of a large theater and all hesitation disappeared.—Mme. Charles Bigot in Critic.

"TEMSE" AND "THAMES."

Origin of the Saying About Setting the River on Fire.

Sometimes when a person wants to make an unpleasant remark in a pleasant sort of way about a dull boy he will say, "That boy will never set the river on fire." Now, that is all very true, for even the smartest man in the world could never set a stream of water on fire, and as perhaps many of you who have heard this expression have wondered what is meant by setting the river on fire.

In England many, many years ago, before the millers had machinery for sifting flour, each family was obliged to sift its own flour. For doing this it was necessary to use a sieve, called a temse, which was so fixed that it could be turned round and round in the top of a barrel. If it was turned too fast the friction would sometimes cause it to catch fire, and as it was only the smart, hardworking boys who could make it go so fast, the people got into the way of pointing out a lazy boy by saying that he would never set the temse on fire. After awhile these sieves went out of use, but the boys were still plenty of stupid boys in the world who kept on saying that they would never set the temse on fire.

Now, the name of the river Thames is pronounced exactly like the word temse, and so after many years those persons who had never seen or heard of the old fashioned sieve thought that "setting the temse on fire" meant setting the river Thames on fire. This expression became very popular and traveled far and wide until the people living near other streams did not see why it was any harder for a stupid boy to set the Thames on fire than any other river, and so the name of the river was dropped, and everybody after that simply said "the river," meaning the river of his particular city or town, and that is how it is that people today talk of setting the river on fire.

ROUSED THE AUDIENCE.

A Mining Camp Melodrama With an Unexpected Climax.

Joseph Jefferson used to say that his career came very near being nipped in the bud in a small western town. He it that time was a member of a small pioneer company which progressed by means of three "bull teams" from one mining camp to another. They were always heartily received by the miners and cowboys, who readily paid the \$5 in gold required to witness their performance. Mr. Jefferson was the traditional melodramatic villain and in the third act was supposed to kidnap "the child." The supposed mother, hearing his cries, rushed upon the scene just as he is about to escape and fires a fruitless shot from a revolver.

Upon this particular occasion all had gone well until this scene was reached, and the audience, many of whom had never before seen any kind of theatrical performance, sat as if spellbound. At the crack of the mother's revolver, however, the spell was rudely broken.

"By heaven," she missed him! a red shirted miner in the front row shouted, drawing his own six shooter and leaping to his feet. "Round to the back door and head him off 'fore he can get a boss, boys!" he yelled, and following him, half the audience stampeded for the exit.

The excitement was finally allayed by the "mother" and the villain appearing hand in hand before the curtain and the manager's explanation of the situation. When the performance had been concluded the audience insisted on paying another admission price and having an immediate repetition from beginning to end.—Success Magazine.

Begin Again Today.

Emerson said he was an endless experimenter, with no past at his back. This is the secret of finding every day new and delightful. To be bound down by what transpired yesterday, to assume that things must certainly be so because they have always been so, is to limit life to narrow confines. The joy of existence is to tackle every day as a fresh problem. Who knows what it may bring forth? Nothing prevents us from living in it as entirely new way, as if yesterday had never been and tomorrow were not. To be hampered by no precedent, cowed by no fear, is to strike out on fresh trails and find new delight daily.—Exchange.

Card Marks.

It is conjectured by some writers on the subject that the marks upon the cards were originally symbolical and intended to signify the different classes of society. According to this supposition, the hearts represented the clergy, spades the nobility, some old packs of cards bearing a sword or lance head instead of a spade; clubs the serfs and diamonds the burghers or citizen classes.

In Early.

"The boss asked me what made me look so tired," said Galley, the clerk, "and I told him I was up early this morning."

"Hub!" snorted the bookkeeper. "You never got up early in your life."

"I didn't say that I got up. I said I was up."

Undergoing Repairs.

Lili (at a soiree, whispering)—What has become of Aunt Lucie's habitual smile? Erna—It is at the dentist's.—Tit-Bits.

Don't discuss your maladies. Your guest will forget you and remember only your disease.—Schoolmaster.

Education is an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity.—Aristotle.

FACTS ABOUT MEXICO.

There are ten volcanoes in Mexico. Mexico has a coast line of over 6,000 miles.

Mexico has vast deposits of onyx and marble.

Mexico has fifty-nine lakes and great lagoons.

The area of Mexico is about 750,000 square miles.

Cotton factories in Mexico employ over 25,000 people.

The "valley" of Mexico is 7,500 feet above the sea level.

Mexico is about ten times larger than Great Britain.

The traveler in Mexico is seldom out of sight of mountains.

The rainy season generally lasts from May to September.

There are probably 300,000 men employed in the mines of Mexico.

Mexico is the richest mineral country in the world, not excepting Peru.

The largest state is Chihuahua, with an area of nearly 90,000 square miles.

Quantities of sulphur are mined in the craters of several extinct volcanoes.—Modern Mexico.

Taught Him How to Die.

It was after seeing Henry Irving act as Becket that a young Japanese studying theology in this country said to a friend who took him: "I thank you very much for making me remain. You know, I may have to suffer some day for holding to what I believe to be the truth, and I have often thought that I would never be able to play my part in the right way. From now on I shall never be troubled with such a thought, for when the time comes I shall remember that Henry Irving has taught me how to die. Yes, I should like to die like Becket." Thus did Becket in the flesh and Tennison, the dramatist, and Irving, the actor, inspire the potential Christian martyr that may be.—Boston Transcript.

Imaginary.

"Father," said the little boy, "every now and then I hear you talking about somebody who was old enough to know better."

"Yes, my boy."

"What age is that, father?"

And the old gentleman after some thought replied:

"My son, there isn't any such thing. It's like the golden age—purely mythological."

What You Do.

Where you are is of no moment, but only what you are doing there. It is not the place that embodies you, but you the place, and this is only by doing that which is noble.—Horne Notes.

The Most Popular Tree.

Ryer—Ever study forestry, De Voe? De Voe—Yes, I'm working on my family tree now.—Brooklyn Life.

New York Announcement.

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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Assessors have filed with the Town Clerk their report, map and assessment of the assessments fixed by them for the year 1908, at 8 P. M. of the construction of a highway over on James street, and the construction of a foot-foot stone sidewalk on Washington street, and the same are now open for public inspection to those in interest.

Objections in writing to said report, map and assessment must be filed with the Town Clerk on or before Monday, June 1, 1908, at 8 P. M. at which time the Town Council will meet in the Council Chamber in the Bloomfield National Bank Building, Bloomfield, New Jersey, to consider such objections.

By order of the Town Council,
WM. L. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, the survivor of the late will and testament of Lyman B. Bond, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the thirty-first day of July next.

Dated June 11, 1908. JOHN C. KENT, EDWIN R. GOODSELL, Proctor.

Notice of Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, the administrator of the estate of Rebecca Brown, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the thirty-first day of July next.

Dated June 4, 1908. WILLIAM G. MOULDER, EDWIN A. BAYNES, Proctor.

Notice of Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, the executor of the last will and testament of Moses F. Riggs, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Saturday, the nineteenth day of May next.

Dated April 4, 1908. GILBERT G. COOPER.

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WE CONSTANTLY employ a force of skilled upholsterers who are at your beck and call whenever you have worn and frayed pieces or parlor suits that you wish made good as new. Our collection of upholstery fabrics, damasks, velours and tapestries is far greater than will be found in any other New Jersey establishment, and you will find it a pleasure to pick from these lines such goods as you may desire to be used in the re-upholstering of your worn furniture.

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THIS house contains the only real cold storage plant in the State of New Jersey. It is equipped in the most modern manner and is perfect in every way. It has an immense capacity, sufficient not only for this store's patrons, but for a couple of New York's biggest establishments which send their furs to us for safe keeping. If you have valuable garments, draperies or other things you wish to protect from moth, fire and climatic changes, we would strongly advise you to place them in our keeping. You are absolutely guaranteed against loss.

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TELEPHONES are coming into more general home use every day, and those who once put them in find them practically indispensable. They are particularly useful when you lack time to come to the store or the weather is so bad as to make it inconvenient.

We take especial care of orders 'phoned us, our order department standing ready to meet your every need.

If you desire to do your shopping by 'phone direct with the departments, do not use your time giving orders to our central operators, as they cannot receive them. Ask for the department in which the goods you desire are sold. Then you can get as direct service as though you were standing in front of the counter.

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ESTATE OF ELIZABETH FRICK
F. FRICK, deceased.
Pursuant to the order of GEORGE R. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned administrator of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

ESTATE OF JANE LAW, DE
J. LAW, deceased.
Pursuant to the order of GEORGE R. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned administrator of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

ESTATE OF MARY A. ROBINSON
M. ROBINSON, deceased.
Pursuant to the order of GEORGE R. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned administrator of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.
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Dated April 4, 1908. GILBERT G. COOPER.

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